A new Doctor Who story begins on page 22

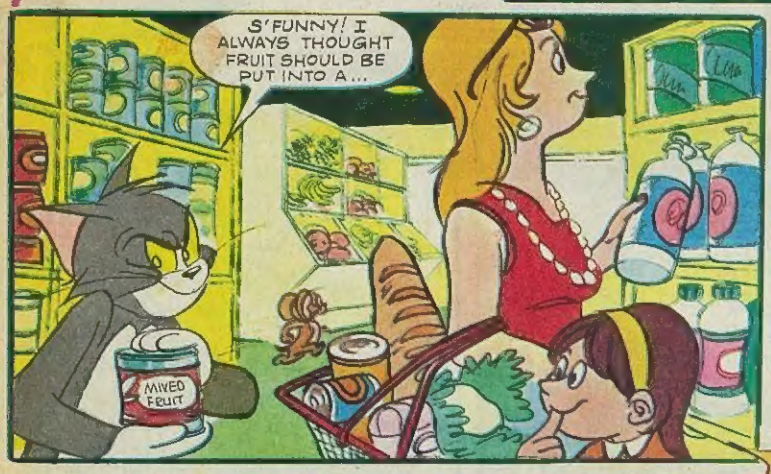
TV COMIC

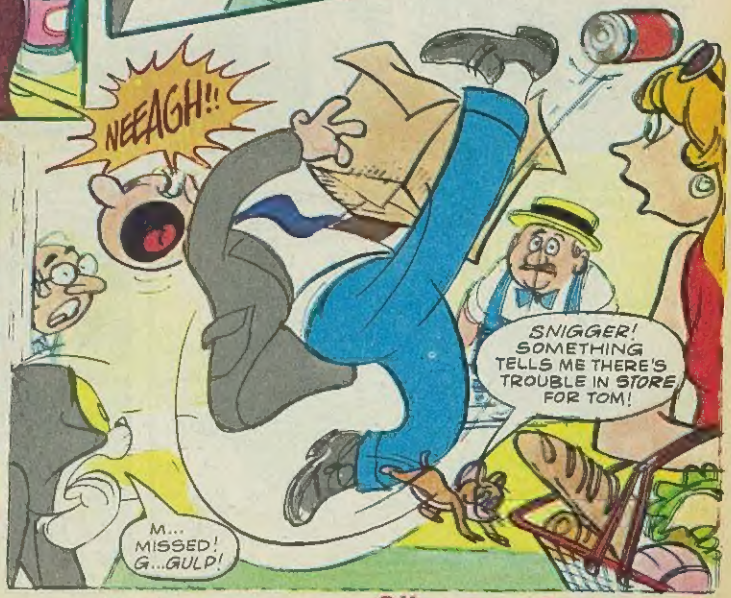
6p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending July 6, 1974 | Number 1177

TOM and JERRY





Copyright © 1974. | Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Slip over to page 2.

SO...
NO PETS ALLOWED
BOOT!
CAN'T YOU READ? OUT—AND STAY OUT!
NNNGH!
BARD!
GAH! I'LL GET JERRY FOR THAT...
...IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF USING YOUR...ER...LOAF!
AND...
ERK! TOM'S BEEN BROUGHT IN WITH THE BREAD...
YOU SAID IT, CRUMB! C'MERE...
HEH! HEH! TOM'S FOUND A FLOOR IN HIS PLAN TO CATCH ME!
OOOMPH!
WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO SHELVE IT, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THOUGHT COMING, RODENT!
OH, NO! THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE TOM CAN ANY IDEAS ABOUT CHASING ME!
YOU COULD SAY MY ESCAPE IS IN THE BAG!
ERK! A...A M... MOUSE!
I TH...THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!
UHH?... HEEEELP!
TOM WHEEL-Y LOOKS SHOCKED TOO! SNIGGER!
I WARNED THAT CAT!
CRASH!
TOM SHOULD'VE STAYED OUTSIDE EARLIER. NOW HE'S OUT FOR THE COUNT!

Flying-saucer fun with your friends next week.

TV Terrors

IT'S COME TO MY NOTICE THAT YOU DIDN'T HAND IN YOUR BOOTS WHEN YOU LEFT THE ARMY, HOPPIT! I'VE COME TO CLAIM THE SAME!
YAAGH! YOU CAN'T TAKE MY FAITHFUL OLD BOOTS AWAY, SIR!

HAND 'EM OVER, LAD! AT THE DOUBLE! AND THAT'S AN ORDER!
SOB! LIFE WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT FRED AND CHARLIE!
YIPPEE! RID OF HOPPIT'S WHUMPERS AT LONG LAST!

Hoppit's a 'jack-in-the-boot' soon!

CANNON

FRANK Cannon has left hospital, recovering from an assassin's bullet. The same assassin has struck again, this time successfully. Each victim has been sent a wreath with a riddle attached. Cannon believes the answer lies at Army Intelligence, Washington. With the help of his old chief, Colonel Schneider, Cannon watches an unusual gathering, his own funeral.

THEY'RE GIVING YOU A SPLENDID SEND OFF, FRANK!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE CHAPEL, SIR. IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE YOU LATE ON PARADE!

WILL THE KILLER STRIKE HERE? THE REST OF THE TEAM HAVE ALL ARRIVED, ACCORDING TO THE COLONEL.

...FLY AWAY PERCY...FLY AWAY PAUL. THE TEAM'S ACOMIN' AND THE NEXT ONE'S TALL. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. SIGGY CATROV...DOC PEARSON... HARRY WARREN...COLONEL SCHNEIDER. THEY'RE ALL MEDIUM BUILD. AND WHO'S BEHIND IT?

THE DISTANT SOUND OF ORGAN MUSIC ALLOWS CANNON TO LEAVE THE CAR...

HE'LL CERTAINLY BE DARING IF HE TRIES A HIT WITH THIS STAKE-OUT. THE PLACE IS CRAWLIN' WITH COPS...

THEN...

THERE'S SOMEONE UP IN THE BELL-TOWER. IF I WARN THOSE PATROLMEN HE'LL SPOT ME. BETTER GO IT ALONE.

AND SO...

PHEW! STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF THAT SLUG IN THE SHOULDER. DON'T THINK I COULD HANDLE A ROUGH HOUSE...

I MUST BE GOING SOFT IN THE HEAD. THE PLACE IS EMPTY...HELLO... WHAT'S THAT?

CANNON PICKS UP THE SMALL CARD AND READS...

WHAT A KNUCKLEHEAD I AM! THE TOWER, THAT'S THE COLONEL'S CODE NAME! I MUST WARN HIM!

The tower is strong, The tower is tall, Head of the team, He has to fall.

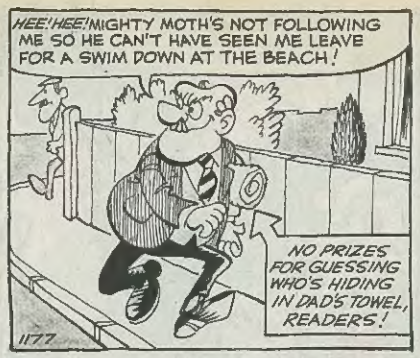
BUT...

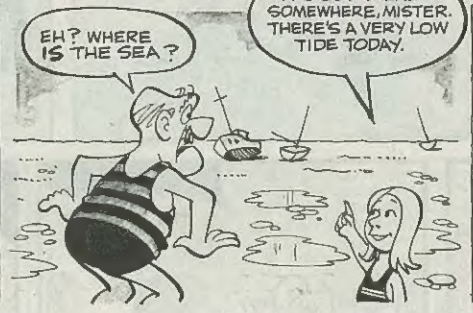
AAGH!

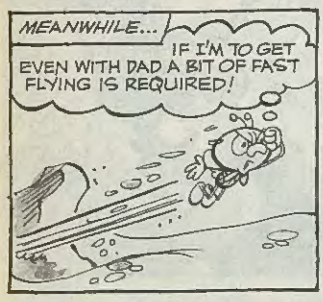
© 1974 Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc

Continued next week.

MIGHTY MOTH


HEE! HEE! MIGHTY MOTH'S NOT FOLLOWING ME SO HE CAN'T HAVE SEEN ME LEAVE FOR A SWIM DOWN AT THE BEACH!
NO PRIZES FOR GUESSING WHO'S HIDING IN DAD'S TOWEL, READERS!
1177





I'VE NEVER KNOWN THE TIDE COME IN LIKE THAT BEFORE!
THIS SOGGY SOCK LOOKS LIKE YOURS, DAD — AND WHAT ABOUT THIS WATERY WAISTCOAT AND SLOPPY SHOE?

'Canoe' guess what Dad's up to soon?

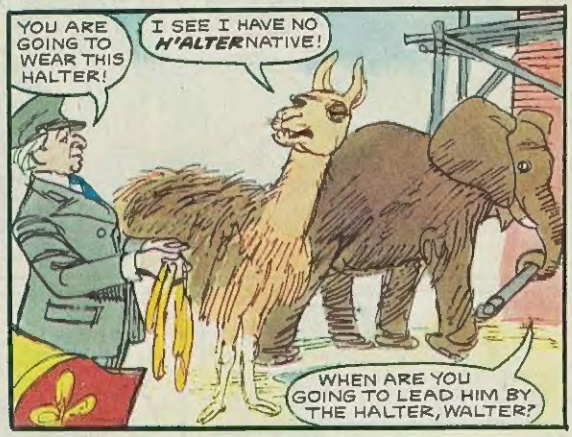
BARNEY BEAR
HUH! BARNEY DOESN'T WANT TO GO TO THE FAIR WITH ME! HE'S TAKING BARBARA BEAR!
SO...
Ghost
TUNNEL OF LOVE
CAN I PUT THIS UP OVER YOUR NOTICE FOR A FEW MINUTES? I WANT TO PLAY A TRICK ON MY FRIEND!
SURE.
LET'S HAVE A RIDE IN THE TUNNEL OF LOVE, BARBARA!
TUNNEL OF LOVE
HOW ROMANTIC! GIGGLE!
BUT...
YOW!
YAA!
THAT WAS A MEAN TRICK YOU PLAYED ON ME, BARNEY BEAR! I'M NEVER WALKING OUT WITH YOU AGAIN! SO THERE!
B...BUT...I WAS SURE IT SAID 'TUNNEL OF LOVE'!
HARD LUCK, BARNEY. YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE REST OF THE FAIR WITH ME!
SUSPICION:
LET'S STAY AND WATCH THIS FOR A WHILE, MOOSE!
LOOK, KID - YOU'VE WON A MOOSE!
DAD! DAD! I'VE WON A MOOSE!
AREN'T I CLEVER, DAD? WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM, DAD?
HE'LL MAKE A NICE HAT STAND IN THE HALL!
LET ME GO!

Copyright © 1974, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Barney's back again next week.

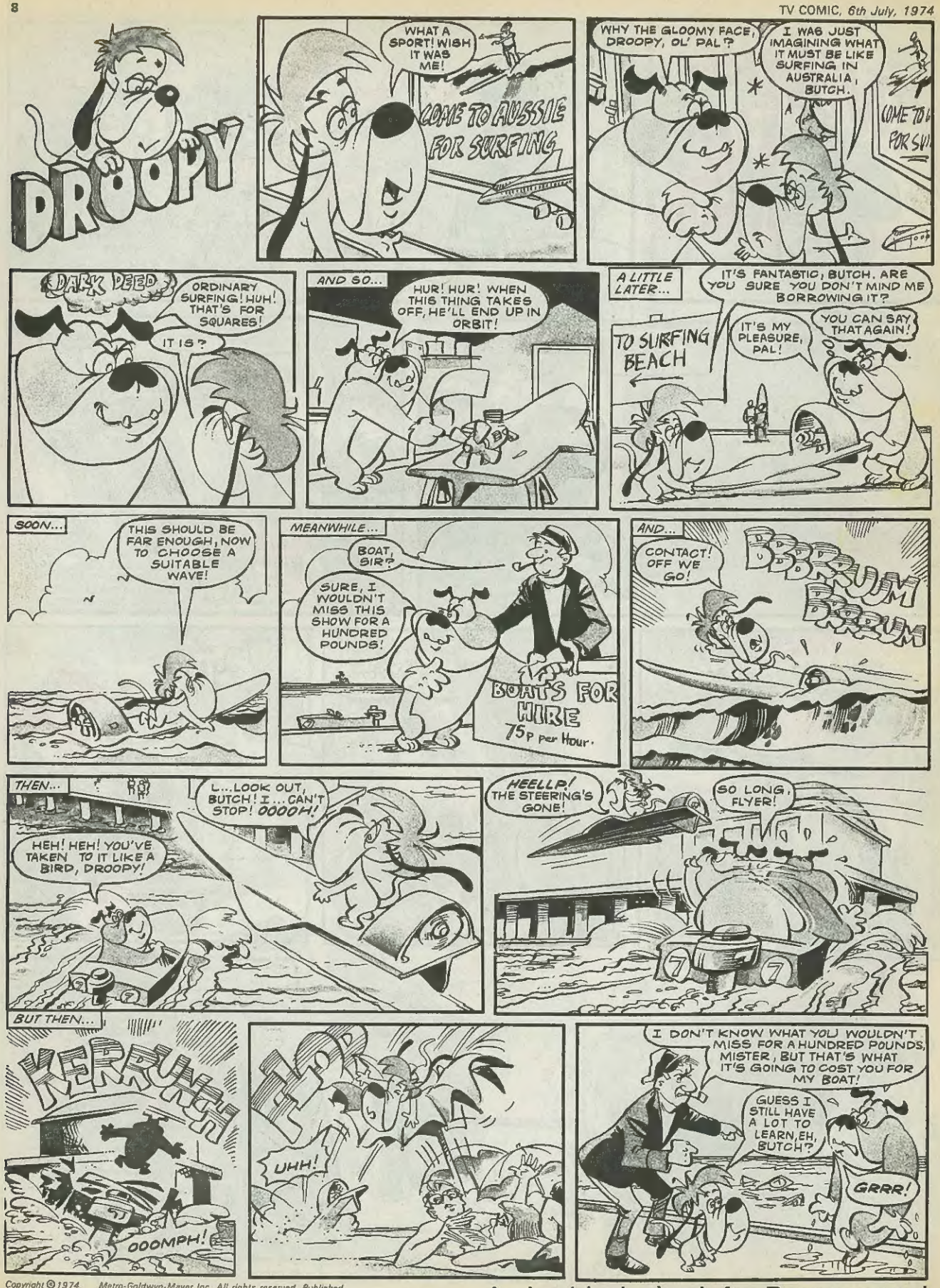
Johnny Morris's

ANIMAL MAGIC



GEE UP!
THE LLAMA CART RIDES ARE STARTING NOW.
OH, DEAR! I'VE PUT ANOTHER SPOKE IN HIS WHEEL!
YOU'VE SMASHED ALL THE SPOKES!
WELL, HE IS THE OFFICIAL SPOKESMAN!
PERHAPS WE SHOULDN'T SPEAK ABOUT IT!

Johnny Morris is in the Tropical House next week.


DROOPY
WHAT A SPORT! WISH IT WAS ME!
COME TO AUSSIE FOR SURFING
WHY THE GLOOMY FACE, DROOPY, OL' PAL?
I WAS JUST IMAGINING WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE SURFING IN AUSTRALIA, BUTCH.
DARK DEED
ORDINARY SURFING! HUH! THAT'S FOR SQUARES!
IT IS?
AND SO...
HUR! HUR! WHEN THIS THING TAKES OFF, HE'LL END UP IN ORBIT!
A LITTLE LATER...
IT'S FANTASTIC, BUTCH. ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T MIND ME BORROWING IT?
TO SURFING BEACH
IT'S MY PLEASURE, PAL!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
SOON...
THIS SHOULD BE FAR ENOUGH, NOW TO CHOOSE A SUITABLE WAVE!
MEANWHILE...
BOAT, SIR?
SURE, I WOULDN'T MISS THIS SHOW FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS!
BOATS FOR HIRE
75p per Hour.
AND...
CONTACT! OFF WE GO!
BBRRUM BRRUM
THEN...
L...LOOK OUT, BUTCH! I...CAN'T STOP! OOOOH!
HEH! HEH! YOU'VE TAKEN TO IT LIKE A BIRD, DROOPY!
HEELLP! THE STEERING'S GONE!
SO LONG, FLYER!
BUT THEN...
KERRUNCH
OOOMPH!
UHH!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WOULDN'T MISS FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS, MISTER, BUT THAT'S WHAT IT'S GOING TO COST YOU FOR MY BOAT!
GUESS I STILL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN, EH, BUTCH?
GRRR!

Copyright © 1974. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

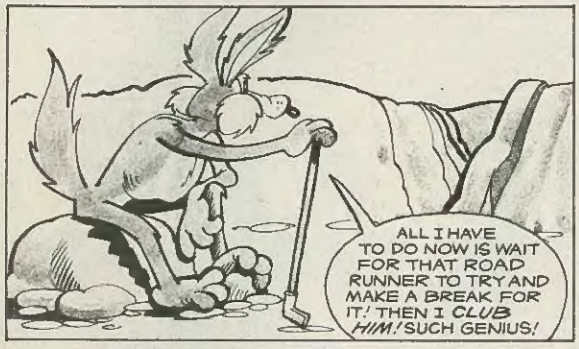
An ice-block shock for Droopy soon!

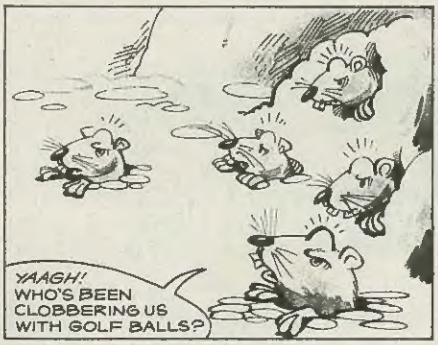
Texas Ted

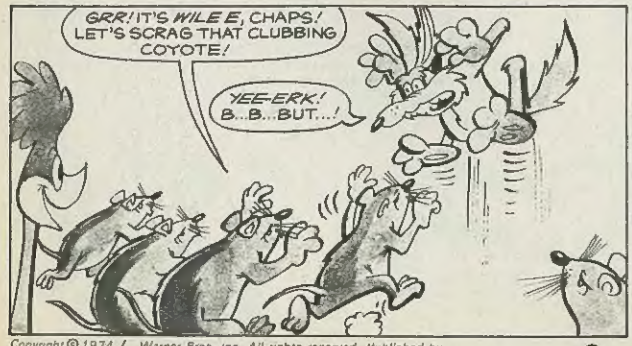
BAH! I KNOW IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE!
SUDDENLY...
YOU ALL SET, COUSIN? IT'S TIME TUH HIGH-TAIL IT OUTA... AAAGH!
TRIP!
WATCH OUT, YOU CLUMSY COWBOY!
LOOKS LIKE YOU STRUCK LUCKY, EDWARD. YOU'VE FOUND MY MISSING GOLD TIE-PIN!
HUUH? CALL THAT A GOLD STRIKE, COUSIN...?
WHY, DID AH EVER TELL YA AH ONCE STAKED MA CLAIM ON A MOUNTAIN FULL O' THAT THAR YELLOW TREASURE?
TEXAS TED'S CLAIM
YESSIREE! AH AIMED TUH DIG OUT THAT WHOLE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN- SINGLE-HANDED!
ZONK!
WHY, AH DUG SO DEEP THAT, SUDDENLY, THAT MOUNTAIN STARTED TUH TUMBLE DOWN.
R-RUMBLE
KERACK!
BUT WE TEXANS IS TOUGH! WHY, AH JUST HAD TUH DIG MA WAY OUT!
IT WAS SHO' LUCKY I HAD TEXAS-TYPE NERVES OF STEEL!
COME ALONG, EDWARD! YOU CAN FINISH BRAGGING ON THE WAY TO THE RESTAURANT!
AND...
AH TELLS YA COUSIN, IT WAS GRIT THAT GOT ME THAT GOLD!
I'LL DUMP THE FIRST SACK, CHARLIE!
NUTTY SLACK COAL MERCHANT PHONE
SUDDENLY...
RRUMBLE
GREAT SHOOTIN' SIXGUNS! SOUNDS LIKE A LANDSLIDE...
BLUSH
RUN, COUSIN! OR WE'LL BOTH BE BURIED ALIVE!
ER...WAIT, EDWARD!
SO MUCH FOR THE GOLD YOU STRUCK! YOU LOOK MORE... ER... AWE-STRUCK NOW!
BAH!
SNIGGER!
FRANK McDIARMID

Our cowboy gets the goat next week!

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner







HELP! HELP! ONE GOLFER IS NO MATCH FOR A MOB OF GOPHERS! HELP!
GRR!
FUME!
WILE E WILL NEVER ACHIEVE HIS GOAL... EACH PLAN HE MAKES HAS A HOLE! HO-HO!

Copyright © 1974. / Warner Bros. Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Cauldron chuckles with Wile E next week.

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

STAR LETTER

One day I went down to the local greengrocer's to buy some potatoes. In the queue in front of me was a young girl who said to the shop assistant: "Could I have two pounds of carrots, please, but could I have the smaller carrots as the bigger ones are too heavy to carry!" When I asked for my potatoes the shop assistant said "I suppose you want new potatoes because you have only got new money to pay for them!"

Mark Briscoe, Moseley, Birmingham.

I think we'd better call them gringrocers from now on, don't you?

Dear Editor

My name is Susan Cobbett and I am seven years old. My hobbies are knitting and roller-skating. I have been reading TV Comic for a long time, and I think it is terrific. My favourite stories are Mighty Moth and Basil Brush.

Weybridge, Surrey.

Did you know that both your favourite stories are drawn and written by Dick Millington, who was once editor of TV Comic?

I have written a limerick for Readers' Page

There was a young fellow called Fred,
Who slept not a wink in his bed.
When his Mother asked, "Why?"
There came the reply,
"I read TV Comic instead!"

Beverly Mulley, Suffolk.

For the verse that you sent to our credit,
About the comic I happen to edit.
I couldn't let go, without thanking you,
And I'm awfully glad that you said it!

Dear Editor

My unusual hobbies are collecting sports programmes and key rings. I have fifty-one programmes and 119 key rings. I will be getting more key rings when I go on holiday to Wales, when my Mum comes back from Jersey, and when my brother comes back from Australia

Martin Burt, Feltham, Middlesex.

It sounds like quite a collection!

Dear Editor

My name is Robert Sheard and I am ten years old. This photograph was taken at Boscombe Bay. My hobby is collecting toy cars. I enjoy the whole of TV Comic very much

Bradford, Yorks.

What one might describe as a ***roundabout*** *way of earning a £1!! Eh, Robert?*

Dear Editor

My name is Nicholas Vowles and I am ten years old. I have two sisters. In our family we have six pets. A dog, cat, budgie, guinea-pig, horse and lamb. My favourite story in TV Comic is Tom and Jerry. My best hobby is fishing.

Bristol

I think you're the very first person who has told me they have a lamb for a pet that's one way of beating the wool shortage!

Dear Editor

My name is Michael Worth and I am ten years old. I have a pet rabbit called Bobtail, and two goldfish. I have two brothers and one sister. This is a picture of me when I was nine years old sitting in the garden. My hobbies are swimming and cricket

Spalding, Lincs.

He's a lovely rabbit, isn't he, Michael?

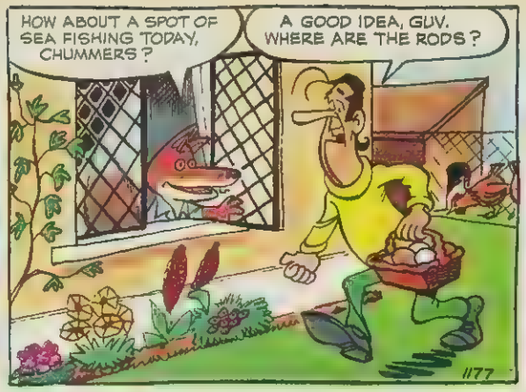
Dear Editor

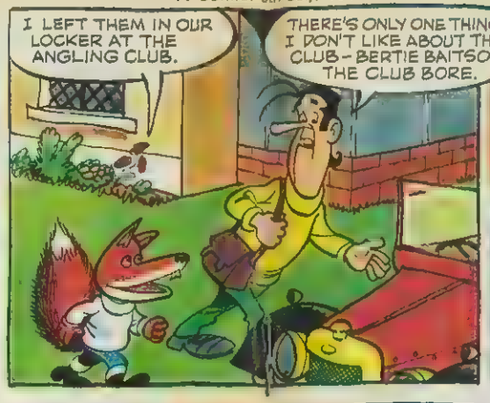
The other day, when I went to 'phone my friend, I left my purse in the telephone kiosk. Later on that day a policeman returned my purse and gave me a lecture about forgetfulness. About five minutes later he returned, looking very sheepish, saying that he had forgotten his gloves!

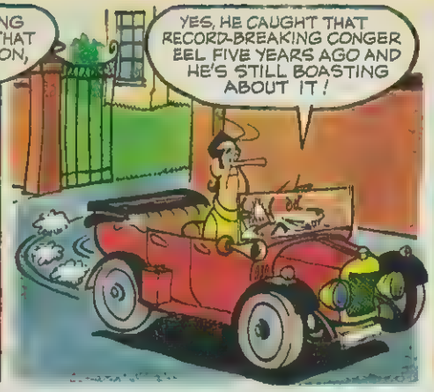
M. Thompson, London N.10.

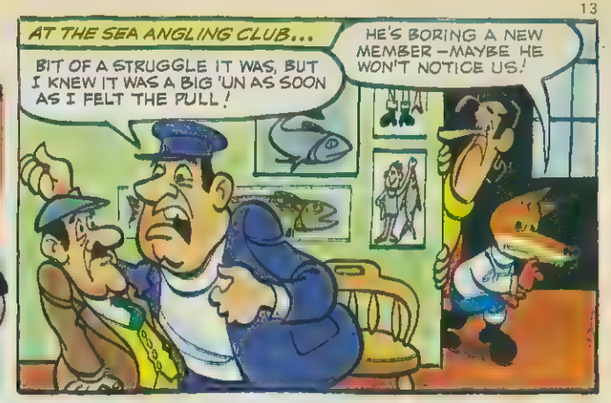
The moral being: policemen in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. Even so, weren't you lucky to get it back? And it was a helpful policeman who returned it.

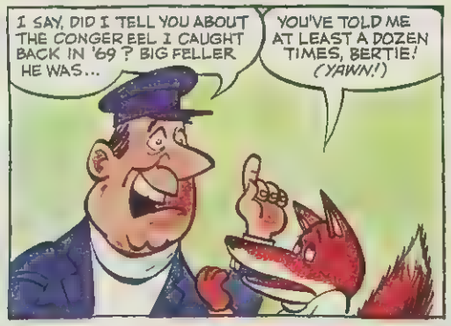
BASIL BRUSH

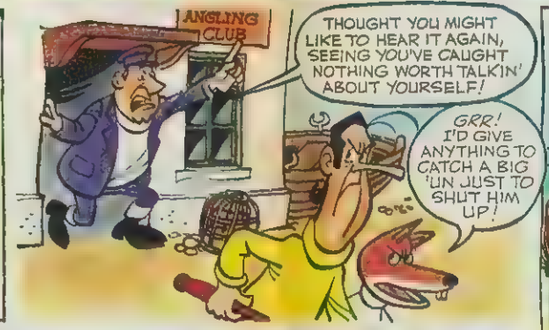


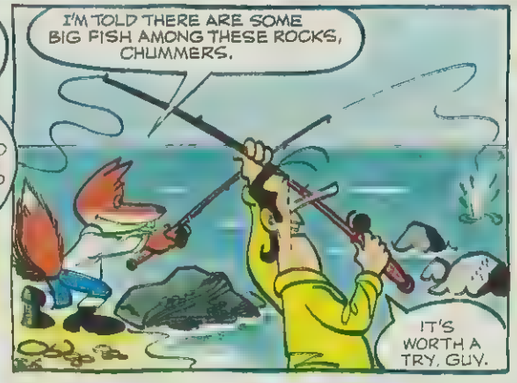

I LEFT THEM IN OUR LOCKER AT THE ANGLING CLUB.
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I DON'T LIKE ABOUT THAT CLUB – BERTIE BAITSON, THE CLUB BORE.

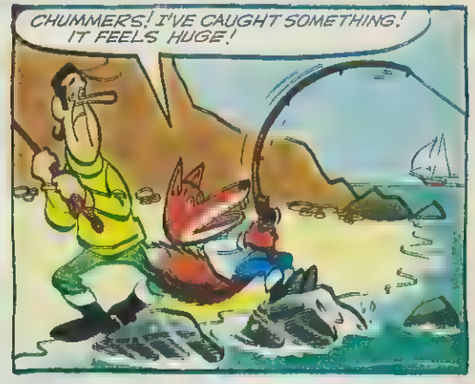


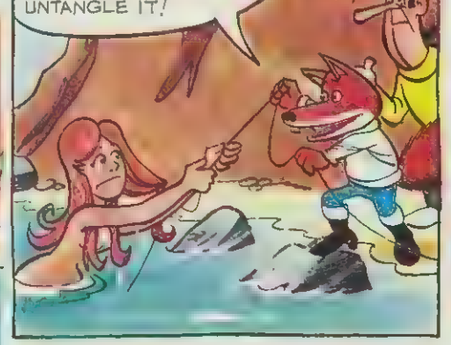

AT THE SEA ANGLING CLUB...
BIT OF A STRUGGLE IT WAS, BUT I KNEW IT WAS A BIG 'UN AS SOON AS I FELT THE PULL!
HE'S BORING A NEW MEMBER – MAYBE HE WON'T NOTICE US!

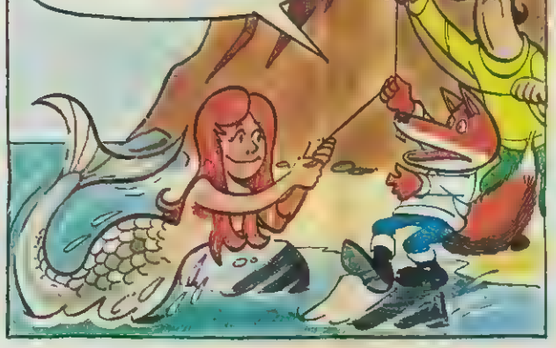

I SAY, DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THE CONGER EEL I CAUGHT BACK IN '69? BIG FELLER HE WAS...
YOU'VE TOLD ME AT LEAST A DOZEN TIMES, BERTIE! (YAWN!)

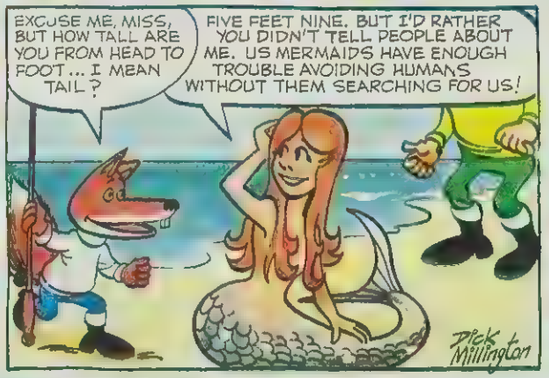

ANGLING CLUB
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO HEAR IT AGAIN, SEEING YOU'VE CAUGHT NOTHING WORTH TALKIN' ABOUT YOURSELF!
GRR! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO CATCH A BIG 'UN JUST TO SHUT HIM UP!

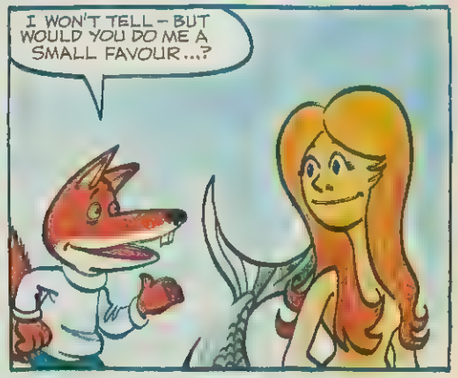


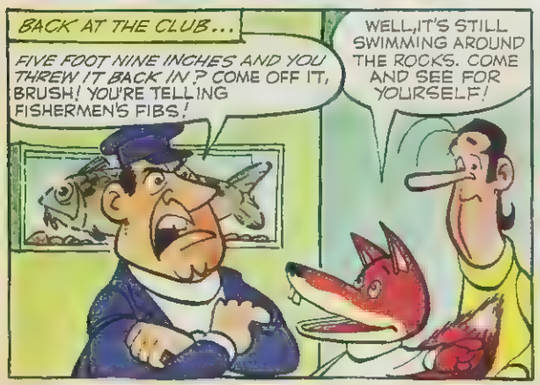


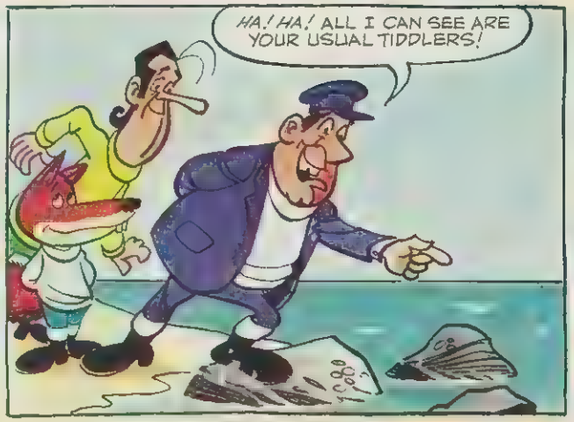


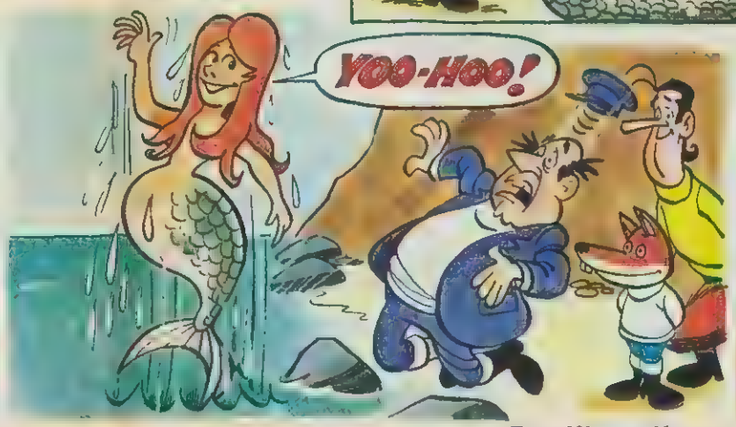


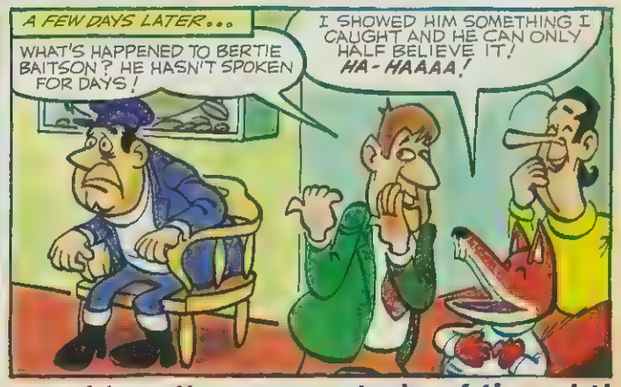

EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT HOW TALL ARE YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT... I MEAN TAIL?
FIVE FEET NINE. BUT I'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T TELL PEOPLE ABOUT ME. US MERMAIDS HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE AVOIDING HUMANS WITHOUT THEM SEARCHING FOR US!
Dick Millington




BACK AT THE CLUB...
FIVE FOOT NINE INCHES AND YOU THREW IT BACK IN? COME OFF IT, BRUSH! YOU'RE TELLING FISHERMEN'S FIBS!
WELL, IT'S STILL SWIMMING AROUND THE ROCKS. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!






A FEW DAYS LATER...
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BERTIE BAITSON? HE HASN'T SPOKEN FOR DAYS!
I SHOWED HIM SOMETHING I CAUGHT AND HE CAN ONLY HALF BELIEVE IT! HA-HAAAA!

Basil's railway sets him off on a new train of thought!

TARZAN 'THE MUTANTS'

CHIEF Gaza leads his Wamasi warriors to attack three diamond-hunters who have invaded a "sacred" inactive volcano. But a meteor which embedded itself within the main crater has eerily caused a jungle ant to grow to huge proportions. Tarzan saves a miner named Chad from the creature's jaws. But then

BY SAVING THE WHITE MAN, YOU HAVE BETRAYED US, JUNGLE LORD. NOW YOU, TOO, WILL DIE WITH THE INVADERS OF OUR LAND.

DO NOT BE FOOLISH, GAZA! IF THERE ARE MORE OF THE GIANT INSECTS, YOU WILL NEED *MY* HELP TO FIGHT THEM!

YOU ARE WRONG, TARZAN. THEY SEEK ONLY THE INTRUDERS.

THE WAMASI CHIEF TAKES NO CHANCES WITH THE POWERFUL JUNGLE LORD.

YOU WILL BE SILENT, TREACHEROUS ONE!

BEFORE THE WAMASI ATTACKED, BOY AND CHEETAH HID, AND...

WITHOUT OUR HELP, TARZAN IS FINISHED. WHEN THE SUN SINKS, CHEETAH, WE WILL HAVE WORK TO DO...

HOO... HOO...

BUT, NEARBY, OTHERS RISE TO APPROACH THE VILLAGE.

SCREEEEEE!

AFTER HOURS OF CRAMPED WAITING.

I WOULD NOT GET BUT A BODY'S LENGTH WITHOUT BEING SEEN, CHEETAH. BUT YOU MAY HAVE A CHANCE.

HOOR...A...HOO!

A STRANGE BOND MAKES THE APE UNDERSTAND...

I SEE YOU, CHEETAH... FREE MY BONDS, LITTLE FRIEND—AND BE SWIFT.

THAT MOMENT...

WE CANNOT LEAVE THE REST, CHEETAH. AIEEE... WE ARE DISCOVERED!

WAAGH! THE JUNGLE LORD ESCAPES!

STOP THEM! KILL THEM!

BEFORE A SPEAR CAN BE THROWN...

WAUGH! SEE... SEE THERE!

BOY, IT SEEMS YOUR HELP MAY HAVE COME TOO LATE. IT'S AS I WARNED GAZA.

NEAAAGH! THEY'VE TURNED AGAINST US! WE WILL ALL DIE!

Copyright © 1974 Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc.

Don't miss next week's episode.

BANK NOTICE BOARD

DAD'S ARMY

© 1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd

CAUGHT IT MYSELF, VICAR—FOR YOU AND YOUR GOOD LADY..

LOOK AT HIM, WILSON, TRYING TO BRIBE A MAN OF THE CLOTH.

HMMMPH! THAT MISERABLE SPRAT WILL HARDLY FILL THE CAT! LEAVE IT TO ME, VICAR. I SHALL BRING YOU A MORE SUITABLE OFFERING.

OF ALL THE CHEEK!

BUT... ER... OH!

THAT AFTERNOON...

I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T OVER-STEPPED THE MARK, SIR!

I AM AN EXPERT ANGLER, WILSON, AS YOU WILL SOON SEE!

NEXT MINUTE...

YOU SEEM TO HAVE RUN INTO A LITTLE SNAG, SIR!

YES... ER, BUT I SHALL SOON SORT IT OUT!

MUCH LATER...

IF YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH THE VICAR'S SUPPER, SIR, YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME!

BAH! YOU'VE DOUBTED ME FROM THE BEGINNING, WILSON!

MAINWARING SOLVES HIS PROBLEM ANOTHER WAY...

WE HAVE TO PROTECT THE DIGNITY OF HIS MAJESTY'S ARMED FORCES, WILSON. KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR HODGES.

ISN'T THIS A LITTLE UNETHICAL, SIR?

AND SO...

YOU NEVER CAUGHT THAT!

ARE YOU CALLING ME A CHEAT? JUST BECAUSE I'M A BETTER ANGLER THAN YOU!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS! A COMPETITION!

NEXT DAY...

YOU COULDN'T SHOW ME ANYTHING, HODGES!

I THINK YOU'VE GOT A BITE, MR HODGES!

SO HAVE YOU, SIR!

I'LL SHOW YOU!

IF THIS AIN'T A THIRTY-POUNDER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS!

IN THAT CASE MINE'S SURE TO BE FORTY!

BOTH ARE WRONG, FOR ..

THE NEXT TUG DOES IT.

BOOM

AS WE WERE USING THE SAME BAIT, WE'LL CALL IT A TIE, EH, MAINWARING?

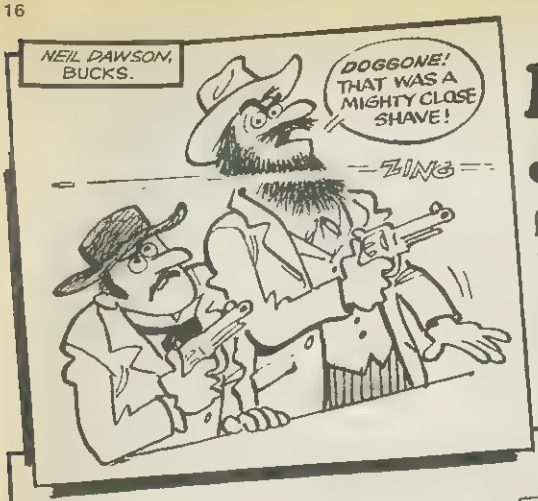
I MUST ADMIT IT DOES SEEM A SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION, HODGES. VERY SATISFACTORY!

Things go with a 'bang' for the army soon!

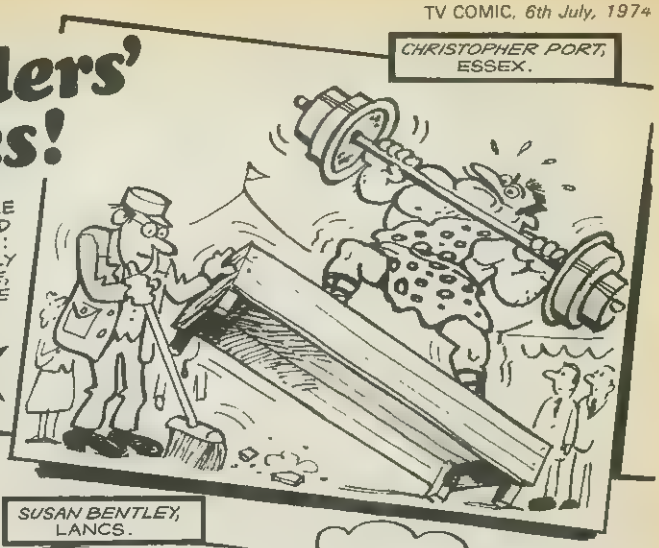
Readers' Jokes!

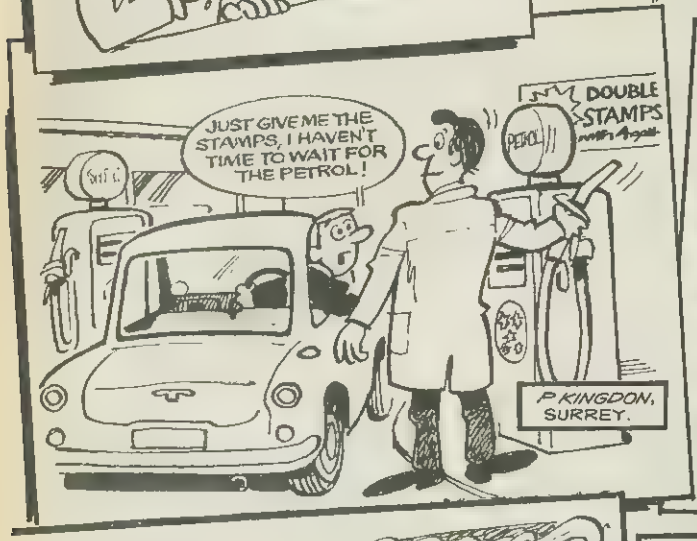
£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON W.2. 1EP.

NEIL DAWSON, BUCKS.



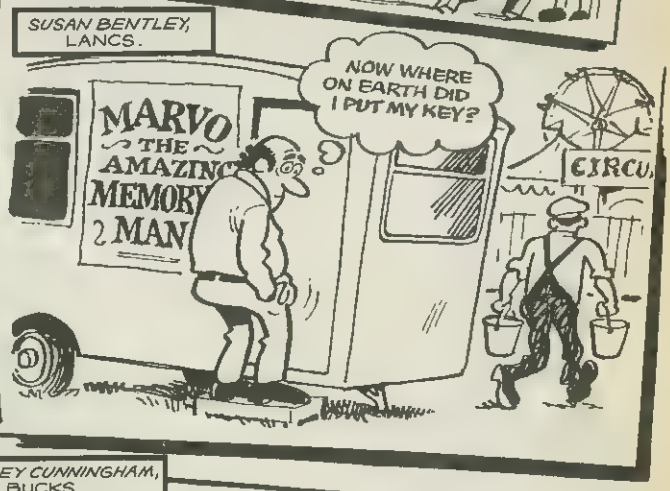
CHRISTOPHER PORT, ESSEX.





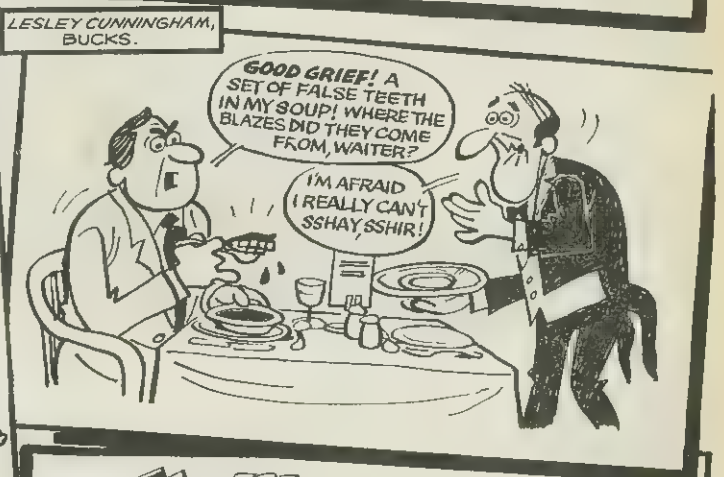
P KINGDON, SURREY.

SUSAN BENTLEY, LANCS.



FRANCES ARDERN, WALES.

LESLEY CUNNINGHAM, BUCKS.



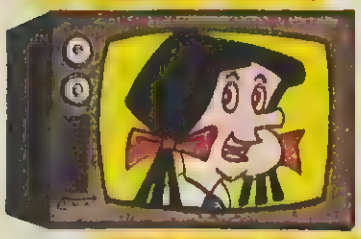
RICHARD MUNSCH, CHESHIRE.

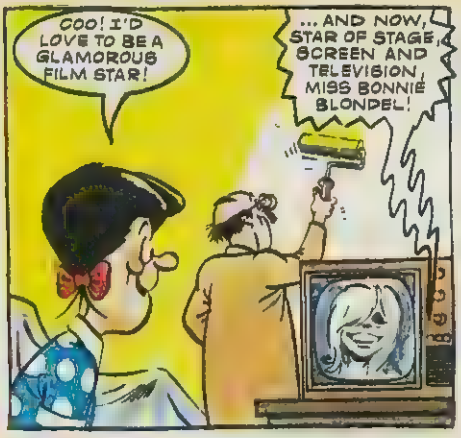
The BUGS BUNNY Show
'S-PET-ACULAR LAUGHS!'
I WISH I HAD A PET! THEN I COULD HAVE A GO AT THAT THREE POUNDS!
GRAND PET SHOW
CITY HALL
3PM. FIRST PRIZE £3
BY JIMMINY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY PET, RABBIT?
YANK!
YERK! HOW DARE YOU, SIR!
I'M NO PET, SIR! I'M AN INDEPENDENT, SELF-SUPPORTING, FREE-AS-THE-AIR BUNNY, SIR!
COULD YOU IMAGINE MYSELF ON A LEAD, SIR?
WELL..ER... ER... NO, RABBIT!
OR SEE ME COOPED UP IN A CAGE, SIR?
ER... NO, RABBIT!
OR WORSE STILL—SADDLED AND USED AS A CHEAP FORM OF TRANSPORT! I ASK YOU!
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, RABBIT! WE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT IT!
NICE BONE FOR MY LITTLE DOGGIE!
ER..DON'T BE SO HASTY, SIR!
YERK!
BIRDSEED FOR MY LITTLE BIRDIE!
?
EVEN AN INDEPENDENT RABBIT CAN CHANGE HIS MIND, YOU KNOW!
EAT UP YOUR OATS, PERCY!
WHY DON'T WE TALK IT OVER, SIR?
ER..OKAY, RABBIT!
WOULD YOU BE PREPARED TO FEED YOUR PET, SIR?
BUT, OF COURSE!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, SIR? COME ON!
YEEK!
YOU MUST WIN FIRST PRIZE, SIR—A MOST MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE BUNNY SPECIES!
I ADMIRE YOUR TASTE, JUDGE, SIR!
1ST
BUGS BUNNY
HOW DID I MANAGE TO BE TALKED INTO THIS? THAT RABBIT JUST COST ME TEN POUNDS WORTH OF CARROTS! I'M OUT OF POCKET!

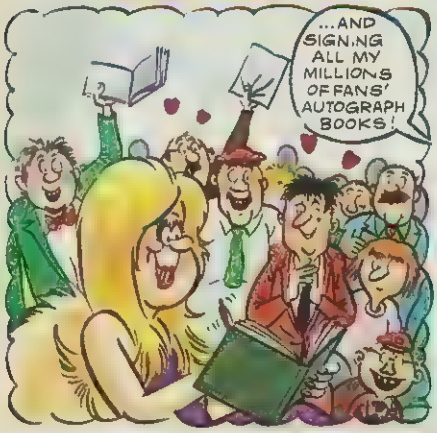
Copyright © 1974, Warner Bros. Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

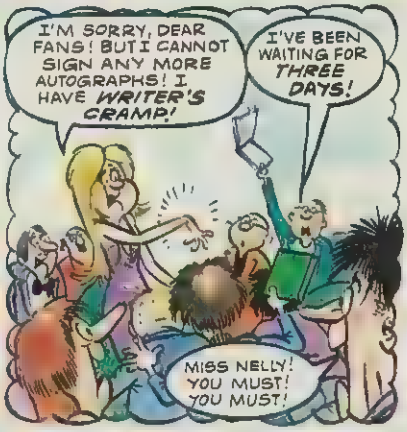
Bugsy's broke 'cos of a bronco soon!

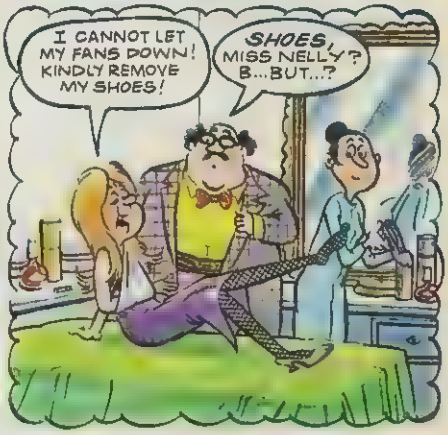
NELLY AND HER TELLY

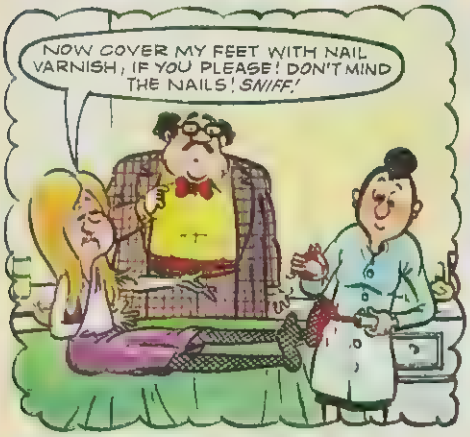


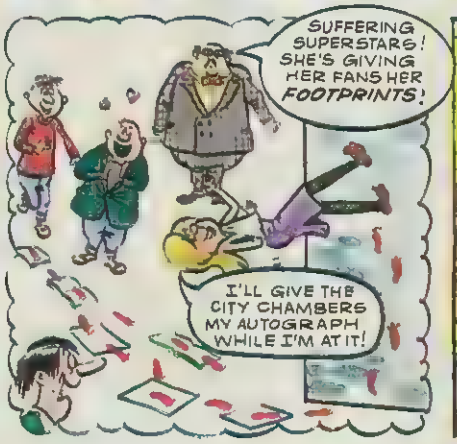


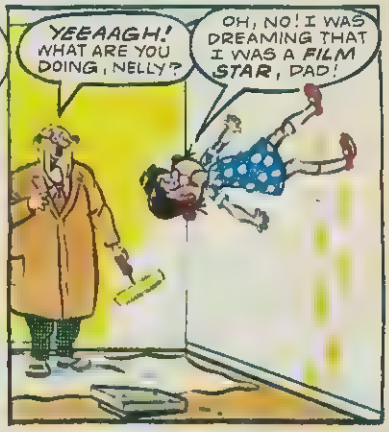


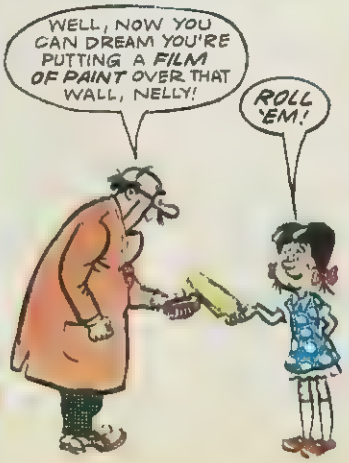

I'M SORRY, DEAR FANS! BUT I CANNOT SIGN ANY MORE AUTOGRAPHS! I HAVE WRITER'S CRAMP!
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THREE DAYS!
MISS NELLY! YOU MUST! YOU MUST!

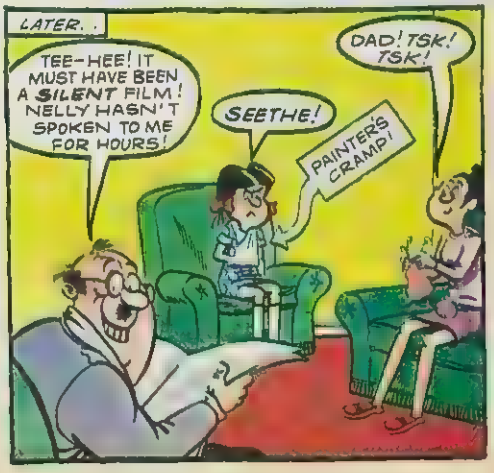












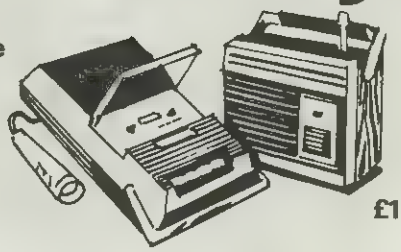
PINK PANTHER
HELP OUR PUSSY PALS! THANK YOU, SIR!
PUSSY PROTECTION SOCIETY
HOW VERY KIND OF YOU, MA'AM.
PUSSY PROTECTION SOCIETY
SOON...
THEY SAY THIS IS A TOUGH AREA, BUT THE FOLKS AROUND HERE ARE GENEROUS. I'VE SOLD ALL MY FLAGS!
PUSSY
THE TROUBLE IS, THIS TIN'S SO HEAVY I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL GET IT BACK TO THE OFFICE! IT'S OVER A MILE AWAY!
I'LL TRY USING THE BACK ALLEYS-IT SHOULD BE QUICKER!
OKAY, BUDDY-I'LL TAKE DAT!
HAR! HAR! DAT WAS SIMPLE!
I'LL HAVE THAT MONEY, MAC.
EASY AS TAKIN' SWEETIES FROM A BABY!
LET ME RELIEVE YOU OF THE CASH, MATE!
WELL, THERE'S THE OFFICE, BUT HOW AM I GOING TO TELL THEM THAT I WAS ROBBED OF ALL THE MONEY?
DRAT THAT CAT!
TRIP!
WELL, WELL-IT'S MY TIN OF MONEY!
THANKS, PUSS. THAT SAVED ME A LONG, HARD WALK!
PUSSY PROTECTION SOCIETY

©Mrs Gunfrey - DI 1974

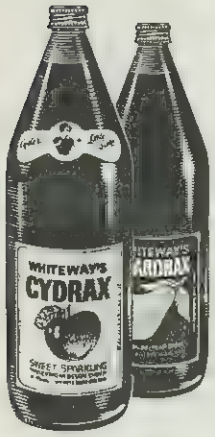
Panther's 'carried away' next week!

100 cassettes and radios to win from Cydrax!

Get colouring, kids. You can win one of 50 super Prinzsound TR3 Auto Cassette Recorders complete with remote control mike, earphone, cassette and batteries.
For 2nd Prize winners, there are 50 Prinzsound 77 Grand Luxe



Transistor Radios (MW/LW/FM - and complete with batteries and earphones) to get crystal-sharp reception of your favourite pop programmes. And there are 400 spend-as-you-like £1 postal orders as runner-up prizes.



Just colour this picture with paints, crayons or felt pens – and send it unfolded with the main label from any size Whiteway's Cydrax, Peardrax or Cyder Shandy bottle to reach Whiteway's by 31st August, 1974. Prizes will be awarded in two age groups – under 10, and 10 to 15 – to the best entries judged in terms of neatness and imagination (age will be taken into consideration).

Cydrax

the sparkling apple goodness drink.

The competition is open to UK residents only under the age of 16 years on the closing date, excluding children of the employees of Whiteway's of Whimple Ltd, their associate companies or their agents. Entries must reach us by 31st August 1974 and cannot be returned. A full list of rules is available if you send a stamped addressed envelope, marked RULES, to Whiteway's Hele, Nr. Exeter, Devon. Write us, too, if you have difficulty obtaining Cydrax.

BLOCK LETTERS IN INK PLEASE

Name

Address

Age .. (in years and months on 31st August 1974)

I certify that this is the unaided work of the above competitor. Signed .. ... (Parent/Guardian)

Send to: Cydrax Colouring Contest 1974 Whiteways, Hele, Nr. Exeter, Devon.

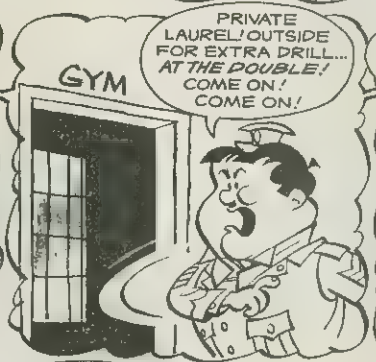
DON'T FORGET TO ENCLOSE YOUR LABEL

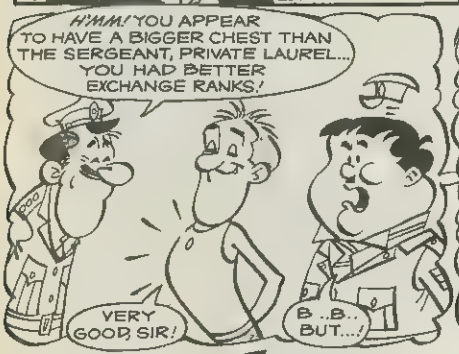
TVC1

Registered in England No. 288260

Laurel & Hardy

© 1974 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation





OH, NO! NO!
NO, STANLEY! YOU CAN'T! YOU CAN'T! PLEASE!
GASP! WHO CAN'T, OLLIE? TEE-HEE! GASP!
INSPECTION WILL BE AT FOUR O'CLOCK, PRIVATE HARDY!

TV Comic incorporating TV Express and TV Action printed in Great Britain by WW Web Offset, Swan Close, Banbury, Oxon. Tel 0295 4381, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd, Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382/386 Edgware Road, London, W2 1EP. Trade distributors The Argus Press Ltd, 12/18 Paul Street, London, EC2A 4JS. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd, South Africa, Central News Agency. © Polystyle Publications Ltd, 1974

DR WHO 'THE MAGICIAN!'

THROUGH all the complexities of dimensional change at the hands of the Mantis-men, the Doctor at last looks down, in relief, on the welcoming serenity of Earth . . .

© 1974 BBC tv Enterprises

BUT REASON PLAYS NO PART IN A WORLD OF STRENGTH...
SILENCE, DOG!
BEFORE LONG...
MY LORD WILL BE GREATLY PLEASED WITH OUR PRIZE, ORICH!
AYE, BROTHER. THE VENISON MIGHT BE OUR REWARD.
HIS SENSES STILL REELING, THE DOCTOR IS USHERED BEFORE LORD GEOFFREY DE BEAUVAIN...
SO YOU DEIGN TO ROB YOUR MASTER OF HIS VENISON, VASSAL?
IF YOU ARE AN EDUCATED MAN, YOU MUST KNOW THAT I WOULD NEED A BOW TO PERFORM SUCH A DEED!
THE DOCTOR RECEIVES A RUDE AWAKENING...
ROUSE THYSELF, OAF! TOO LONG HAST THOU SLUMBERED!
THERE'LL BE SLEEP ENOUGH WHEN OUR LORD HAS DESPATCHED HIM TO THE DEVIL!
FROM THE UPPER HEIGHTS OF A LOFTY TOWER...
BY THE POWER OF SATAN, WHAT HAVE THE HOUNDS BROUGHT IN THIS TIME? NO ORDINARY SERF, AND THAT'S FOR CERTAIN.
BOW TO YOUR LIEGE, REBELLIOUS DOG!
OUCH!
THE DOCTOR'S IRON LOGIC GIVES WAY TO SEERING ANGER...
YEEAGH!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR BOORISH ATTITUDES, MY FRIEND!
THE ACT OF DEFIANCE IS SHORT-LIVED...
JUST GIVE THE WORD, MY LORD, AND I WILL RID YOU OF THIS TREACHEROUS CUR!
IT SEEMS I WAS A TRIFLE HASTY.
STAY! HE SHALL BE ENTERTAINMENT TO THE SERFS.
LET HIM DANCE AT THE END OF A GIBBET AT SUNRISE ON THE 'MORROW! HE'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE THEN, I'LL BE BOUND!
AND FROM A NEARBY BALCONY...
SO THE ORACLE WAS RIGHT. THIS MUST BE HE THAT I HAVE CONJURED!

Another thrilling episode next week.

POPEYE
SPINACH
NOPE!
OH, COME ON, POPEYE. ALL I NEED IS ENOUGH MONEY FOR A HAMBURGER!
NO MORE MONEY, WIMPY! IF YA WANTS CASH YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN IT LIKE THE REST OF US DOES!
YOU OBVIOUSLY DON'T KNOW A HUNGRY MAN WHEN YOU SEE ONE!
MAYBE POPEYE'S RIGHT! A MAN OF MY TALENTS SHOULD BE ABLE TO EARN AN HONEST HAMBURGER.
HOW'S BUSINESS, SAM?
PRETTY QUIET AT THE MOMENT, WIMPY.
SAM'S HAMBURGERS
THEN LET ME MAKE A PROPOSITION! I WILL PROVIDE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT FOR TEN HAMBURGERS A DAY. IT'S SURE TO BRING THE CUSTOMERS IN!
IT'S WORTH A TRY!
SO...
STEP ASIDE, SIR. I DON'T NEED YOUR CHARITY! I AM GOING TO EARN MY LIVING AS A MUSICIAN!
?
♪ THERE'S AN OLD MILL BY THE STREAM, NELLIE DEAN...♪
GOSH! THEY'RE CERTAINLY FLOCKING IN!
ALL TOGETHER PLEASE!
♪ YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT, I LOVE YEW, NELLIE DEAN! ♪
LATER...
YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS! EVERYONE WAS SO BUSY SINGING, I HAVEN'T SOLD A SINGLE HAMBURGER!
SO GET OUT!
SAM
HAM
AND TAKE YOUR PIANO WITH YOU!
UNCA POPEYE, YOU'D BETTER BUY WIMPY A HAMBURGER. I DON'T THINK HE WAS KIDDING WHEN HE SAID HE WAS HUNGRY!
WHAT MAKES YA SAY THAT, KID?
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
HE'S EATING HIS PIANO!
WELL BLOW ME DOWN!

Swee'pea's a 'square eyes' soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION